Boult. To night, to night, but Miſtreſſe, doe you know the French Knight that cowres i'th hams?

Baud. VVho, *Mounſier Verollus*?

Boult. I, he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation, but he made a grone at it, and ſwore he would ſee her to morrow.

Baud. VVell, well, as for him he brought his diſeaſe hither, here he doth but repaire it, I know he will come in our ſhadow, to ſcatter his crownes in the ſunne.

Boult. VVell, if we had of euery Nation a traueller, we ſhould lodge them with this ſigne.

Baud. Pray you come hither a while, you haue Fortunes comming vpon you, marke me, you muſt ſeeme to doe that fearefully, which you commit willingly, deſpiſe profite, where you haue moſt gaine, to weepe that you liue as you do, makes pitty in your louers ſildome, but that pitty begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a meere profite.

Mar. I vnderſtand you not.

Boult. O take her home miſtreſſe, take her home, theſe bluſhes of hers muſt be quencht with ſome preſent practiſe.

Mari. Thou ſayeſt true yfaith, ſo they muſt, for your Bride goes to that with ſhame, which is her way to goe with warrant.

Boult. Faith ſome do, and ſome do not, but Miſtreſſe, if I haue bargaind for the ioynt,

Baud. Thou maiſt cut a morſell off the ſpit.

Boult. I may ſo.

Baud. VVho ſhould deny it?
Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. I by my faith, they ſhall not be changed yet.

Baud. Boult, ſpend thou that in the Towne, report what a ſoiourner we haue, you'l loſe nothing by cuſtome. VVhen Nature framed this peece, ſhe meant thee a good turne, therefore ſay what a parragon ſhe is, & thou haſt the harueſt out of thine owne report.

Boult. I warrant you Miſtreſſe, thunder ſhall not ſo awake the beds of Eeles, as my giuing out her beauty, ſtirs vp the lewdly enclined, Ile bring home ſome to night.

Baud.

Baud. Come your waies, follow me.

Mari. If fiers be hot, kniues ſharpe, or waters d
Vntide I ſtill my virgin knot will keepe.
Diana aide my purpoſe.

Baud. VVhat haue we to do with *Diana*? pray
vs.

Enter Cleon and Dionizia.

Dion. VVhy are you fooliſh, can it be vndone?

Cleon. O *Dionizia*, ſuch a peece of ſlaughter,
The Sunne and Moone nere lookt vpon.

Dion. I thinke you'l turne a childe againe.

Cleon. VVere I chiefe Lord of all this ſpaciou
giue it to vndo the deed. O Lady, much leſſe in blo
tue, yet a Princeſſe to equall any ſingle Crowne of
the iuſtice of compare, O villaine, *Leonine* whom t
ſoned too, if thou hadſt drunke to him, it had beene
becomming well thy face, what canſt thou ſay, v
Pericles ſhall demand his childe?

Dion. That ſhe is dead. Nurſes are not the fate
nor euer to preſerue, ſhe dide at night, Ile ſay ſo, w
it, vnleſſe you play the Innocent, and for an honeſt
out ſhe dyde by foule play.

Cleon. O go too, well, well, of all the faults bene
nens, the Gods do like this worſt.

Dionizia. Be one of thoſe that thinkes the pre
Tharſus will flie hence, and open this to *Pericles*, I
thinke of what a Noble ſtraine you are, and of h
ſpirit.

Cleon. To ſuch proceeding, who euer but his
added, though not his whole conſent, he did not fl
nourable courſes.

Dionizia. Be it ſo then, yet none doth know b
ſhe came dead, nor none can know *Leonine* being g